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Useful links and Resources:

-Catholic Worker Websites :

www.catholicworker.com
www.catholicworker.org
www.lacatholicworker.org
www.ca.geocities.com/vancouvercatholicworker
www.catholicworker.com/bookstore/index.html
www.cjd.org

-Radical/Progressive Christianity

www.jesusradicals.org
www.nonviolentjesus.blogspot.com
www.geezmagazine.org
www.catholicanarchy.org
www.anglocatholicism.org
www.tierra-nueva.org
www.romancatholicwomenpriests.com
www.deathtotheworld.com
www.incommunion.org
www.catholicpeacefellowship.org

-Anti-War

www.stopwar.ca
www.ivaw.net
www.serve.com/nukeresister
www.resisters.ca
www.wri-irg.org
www.plowsharesactions.org
www.cpt.org

-Activism

www.foodnotbombs.net
www.vcn.bc.ca/citizens-handbook
www.iww.org
www.deathpenalty.org
www.freegan.info
www.justicia4migrantworkers.org
www.noiivan.blogspot.com
www.streamsofjustice.org
www.thekingcenter.com
www.witnesstorture.org

-Other Good Websites :

www.vancouverdiy.com
www.muzzlewatch.org
www.southcentralfarmers.com
www.commongroundrelief.org
www.teachingforpeace.org
www.jonahhouse.org
www.primitivism.com

Dorothy Holds Forth

An Interview with Dorothy Day

By Jeff Dietrich and Susan Pollack

CATHOLIC AGITATOR: I'd like first to ask you, are you an anarchist? And what does that mean to you in terms of your daily action?

DOROTHY DAY: Do you want me to go back into history? When I came from college, I was a socialist. I had joined the socialist party in Urbana Illinois and I wasn't much thrilled by it. I joined because I had read Jack London—his essays, *The Iron Heel*, and his description of the London slums. I also read Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. All of these made a deep impression on me. So when I was sixteen years old and in my first year of college, I joined the Socialist Party. But I found most of them "petty bourgeois." You know the kind. They were good people, butchers and bakers and candlestick makers—mostly of German descent—very settled family people. And it was very theoretical. It had no religious connotations, none of the religious enthusiasm for the poor that you've got shining through a great deal of radical literature.

Then there was the IWW moving in, which was the typically American movement. Eugene Debs was a man of Alsace-Lorraine background. A religious man, he received his inspiration from reading Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*. That started him off because he could have been a well-to-do bourgeois, comfortable man. But, here you have this whole American movement. The IWW has this motto: "An injury to one is an injury to all." That appealed to me tremendously because I felt that we were all one body. I had read scripture, but I don't think I'd ever really recognized that teaching of the "Mystical Body"—that we are all one body, we are all one.

AGITATOR: Was this more of a political than a spiritual outlook at this point?

DOROTHY: No, I think it was a spiritual outlook too. As a child I came across the Bible, but nobody in my family had anything to do with religion. I just felt a profound truth there that appealed to me. What I read in the Bible seemed to me to be very much a part of daily life. The idea that when the health of one member suffers, the health of the whole body is lowered is a teaching of Saint Paul which is timeless. So I joined the IWW. I felt that it was far nearer my

whole philosophy and that basically it was an anarchist movement—though they wouldn't call themselves anarchists.

AGITATOR: Would you be more specific about what it means to be an anarchist?

DOROTHY: The whole point of view of the anarchist is that everything must start from the bottom up, from men. It seems to me so human a philosophy.

Every Marxist group that I've known has had their theoreticians. The theoretician of the Marxist revolution in Cuba certainly wasn't Castro. It was Don Carlos Rafaelo Rodriguez. He was the theoretician and very often people say he will take over. But I don't believe it. I think that it's a very good combination, the Catholic man working together with a man like that who has everything pretty well planned.



The Communists in Cuba didn't assist Castro in his revolution. They weren't on the side of the students. They didn't do anything to help in the invasion or the long continuing struggle from Oriente province down. It wasn't until Castro marched triumphantly into Cuba that you might say the whole thing grew into a Marxist revolution.

Castro wasn't a Marxist. He was a Catholic educated by the Christian Brothers and the Jesuits. But fundamentally I'm not talking about practicing Catholics, but rather about something which is inbred, that is a part of your country, your heritage, your life.

AGITATOR: Why did you become a Catholic?

DOROTHY: Because I felt it was the church of the poor, because I felt its continuity. I felt that no matter how corrupt or rotten it became it had this feeling for man. It had the mark of Jesus Christ on it, walking the roads of the country, gathering a few around. You see this pattern. You see this pattern in Castro, Che

Guevara, and that's why they're so attractive to people. They work where they are. They begin at the bottom. And then, of course, they go off and become the bureaucratic state.

Written into the constitution of Russia is the withering away of the state. Eventually, there will be this withering away of the State. Why put it off in some far distant utopia? Why not begin right now and say that the state is the enemy. The state is the armed forces. The state is bound to be a tyrant, a dictatorship. A Dictatorship of the Proletariat becomes yet another dictatorship.

The anarchist philosophy is that the new social order is to be built up by groupings of men together in communities—whether in communities of work or communities of culture or communities of artists, but in communities. Martin Buber said there could be a “community of communities” rather than a state. They would be united in some way but without any governing body. It would be made up of unions, credit unions instead of banks, credit unions that would deal directly with the people. There would be no more lending at interest. There would be no more money lenders.

Sounds utopian, doesn't it? But you see the beginnings of it with the Cesar Chavez land movement and the work of Martin Luther King. It is the work of organizing the unorganized. These powerless people at the bottom are the ones with whom we must begin. They must have the insight and the knowledge to work together and recognize that they are on the right track.

AGITATOR: Do you ever, as an anarchist, see any incompatibilities between anarchy and Catholicism?

DOROTHY: No, I think anarchy is natural to the Catholic. The Church is pretty anarchistic, you know. Who pays attention to the Pope or the Cardinals? Conscience is supreme, and that's why we print it on the front page of The Catholic Worker. The saying of Vatican II is above all, “Conscience is supreme.”

AGITATOR: Sometimes you go to see bishops and members of the hierarchy in the Catholic Church. What do you talk to them about?

DOROTHY: We talk about the work. As Cardinal McIntyre said to me, looking at the paper: “I never studied anything like this in the seminary.” I think you approach a bishop as a human being and a member of the human family. Consider that the first Pope, St. Peter, betrayed Christ three times. And this was right after he was given the message: “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.” I don't think any of the translators have been able to get around that. Christ just chose someone who was weak and faulty.

But in the Gospels from the very beginning you find a spirit of non-violence and brotherhood, which has gone straight down through the ages, through the Church. After Constantine it was compromised a great deal. But the early disciples did have enough outpouring of spirit to be non-violent, to lay down their lives. It's a fact of history to such an extent that nobody can explain it except by calling them a bunch of masochists. They were absolutely going to martyrdom until Peter's sword again came into the picture. So you get St. Bernard who wrote sublimely about the love of God and who is preaching the Crusade. These contradictions go on again until a St. Francis arises to counter them by going alone himself to the Sultan to make peace. And you get that same kind of folly today. Real folly . . .

AGITATOR: In the Church?

DOROTHY: In the Church as a whole, like with Nevin Sayer, who was the head of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. When the US Marines were in Nicaragua in 1927 . . . I worked for the Anti-Imperialist League then. Anyway, our dear friend Nevin went down there on donkey back, wandering around the mountains trying to find Sandino to bring about peace between him and the US. Now did you ever hear of anything more like a Don Quixote? And yet there's something about such folly that strikes the imagination. You don't forget it. It's like another St. Francis.

AGITATOR: Then you are hopeful when you go to see the bishops?

DOROTHY: Yes. After all, when I talk . . . I've offended Cardinal McIntyre. But it makes me sick to see strong young men stamp on an old man. To me it's part of the war between children and their parents. I quote Dostoevsky in my

book *Meditations*: “Love in practice is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams.” You have to tear out this heart of stone in order to get a heart of flesh. It’s a terrible thing to love people. But we are supposed to love one another. It’s a command. “I command you to love one another.” How are you going to overcome wars unless you begin right where you are?

To me, Cardinal McIntire [sic] is like my old father who was a racist from Tennessee—born and brought up with this wonderful sense of superiority to the “nigger.” He would say: “Of course, nothing is so cute as a little nigger baby. Baby mules and baby niggers are the cutest things on God’s earth.” We have to love our father just the same. I can remember my father sitting up with my sister who had terrible ear aches and rocking and singing to her all night about the Owl and the Pussycat. I don’t know . . . You can’t go ahead in righteous indignation and condemn. Who are we to go ahead in righteous indignation and condemn? Who are we to condemn anybody? “He who is without sin, go fetch the first stone.” You know they say Dorothy is an old traditionalist going around rattling her rosary beads and I guess it’s true. Incidentally, rosary beads were one of the few things they let me keep in jail.



AGITATOR: Would you talk briefly about how the Catholic Worker started with you and Peter Maurin?

DOROTHY: This will madden Women’s Liberationists when I say that Peter Maurin was the one who was totally responsible for it all. He came around with these ideas of his that I accepted and that was all there was to it. I met him as a result of the things I had written. When he came to see me, he was a regular tramp living on the Bowery, a French peasant and a man of great knowledge, however. He had taught in Christian Brothers’ schools in France. He had a tremendous knowledge of movements all over Europe.

He laid down a very simple program—a kind of program that people would just laugh at. Foremost in this program was the necessity for the clarification of thought. I knew that Lenin had said there could be no revolution without a theory of revolution. And when Peter talked about clarification of thought, I thought this was what he was talking about. He said we needed discussions and meetings and a paper to bring things before the public. And he said we should sell it ourselves on the street. He used to have “Friday night meetings” every night of the week. He wore us out. He talked about Houses of Hospitality where there would be direct action of the works of mercy.



Round table discussions, Houses of Hospitality and farming communes—that was his solution. And you see them coming about. You see ideas that somehow or other are in the air—communes all across the country, young people trying themselves, testing themselves in various ways. I think it’s all part of a world movement. Why should so many people find assent to what we write in the paper—and such a diverse group of people, too? It’s something which is coming, which is evolving. I think that just as we’re in the nuclear era we’re also in an era of non-violence. It’s undefeatable. And the evidences of non-violence are these great movements like the Chavez movement. It makes its appeal. It seems impossible to buck the agribusiness. But I’ve seen this with my own eyes.

AGITATOR: How is the work you do in the city with the poor related to the work you do as a journalist?

DOROTHY: You can’t write about things without doing them. You just have to live that same way. You start in with a table full of people and pretty soon you have a line and pretty soon you’re living with some of them in a house. You do what you can. God forbid we should have great institutions. The thing is to have many small centers. The ideal is community.

AGITATOR: Does the Catholic Worker offer any sort of alternative existence to the poor other than a bowl of soup and a bed to sleep in at night?

DOROTHY: It offers them community too—although we fail every time. That’s also life. How can you not fail? That’s the human condition. I think that at the Catholic Worker we have high aims. But how much mingling is there, really, between the worker and the scholar? You get acquainted with some and they become very dear to you, like Hans and John Filligar. They become so much a part of the family that you get mad at them. There’s so much you have to endure in community. It’s like parents with their children. You just have to forgive them seventy times seven. There is nothing logical in all this. It’s very hard to talk about. That’s why I dread any kind of interviewing. Because, how can you express these tangible things that the Catholic Worker is doing? You can sit down and add up how many people we fed yesterday afternoon, how many people were served each morning at the jail, how many cups of coffee are distributed—that kind of turnstile routing. It’s impossible to measure the real value of these things.

People, wherever they are, can make a community. “Where two or three are gathered in my name, there I am in the midst of them.” The sense is always that community is natural to people. Man is not meant to live alone. That’s in the first or second chapter of Genesis. There is something so horrifying and so sad when people are living alone. That is why the old and lonely come to us.

Communities are made up of the unlovable as well as the lovable. Dostoevski said that it’s godlike to love man; even in his sin—merely because he’s man. We’re under the obligation to love—that’s the commandment. The Oxford edition of the New Testament says: “A new commandment I give you that you love one another as I have loved you.” But a newer translation written for high school students puts it succinctly: “I command you to love” There’s enough hate in the world. I command you to love. And you have to make an effort.



I got one of the best directives from Dostoevsky’s *Brothers Karamazov* in the story of Krushenka. Have you read it? Krushenka’s a prostitute who’s been thrown over by her Polish lover and lives with a rich merchant. Both the father and the son in the Karamazov family are in love with her. And she’s generally considered a bad woman. But she says of herself: “I’ve given away an onion, perhaps I’ve given away an onion.” She’s referring to an old Russian legend about a woman who’s thrown into Hell and cries out to her guardian angel to save her. The angel says: “Have you ever done one good deed in your whole life?” And she thinks awhile and says, “Well, I’ve given away an onion.” So the guardian angel takes out a long green topped onion and holds it out to her and says: “Hold on, I’ll pull you out of this lake of brimming fire.” She grabs hold of the onion and then everybody else around her begins grabbing hold of her in order to be saved, too. And she kicks and screams and throws them off. So the onion breaks and she goes back into the lake of brimming fire. But she had given away an onion.

I often think of that with people we can’t stand. One woman acts like a tyrant on our third floor. Behind my back she will try to get rid of all the young girls in the place. And she fights with the older women (but they’re a match for her because they’re used to fighting. So there is bedlam sometimes.) But I remember that once this woman gave away an onion whenever I feel like throwing her down the stairs. She went to visit an old woman who is a neighbor of ours and senile. And she found this woman covered with lice and lying in her own excrement. Instead of coming over to tell me this sad tale, she cleaned up the old woman herself. Then she came over and told me so that I could get in touch with the family. So she gave away an onion, a very large onion. And I’ll forgive her anything now.

AGITATOR: Voluntary Poverty is an essential part of the Catholic Worker movement. Would you explain what Voluntary Poverty means?

DOROTHY: Voluntary Poverty isn’t going around with some burlap bag around you and imitating the poor. It means being indifferent to the material, doing as Christ said. He went and sat down with the rich and Zacchaeus and publicans and sinners. Some can go further than others. Some have more capacity. Some proceed a few steps along the way. But Christ seemed to love all men. He desired all men to be saved. I think one of the things we must constantly keep in

mind is: "If anybody takes your coat, give him your cloak too." "If anybody asks you to walk a mile, go two." "If anybody hits you on one cheek, turn the other." In other words, be close enough to people so that you are indifferent to the material. And also have faith. Just as the birds of the air are fed, we'll continue to be fed. @



Good Shepherds

By Joy Ellison

*You, God, are my Shepherd
I will never be in need.
You let me rest in fields of green grass
You lead me to streams of peaceful water,
And you refresh my life.*



Abu Basil walks slowly, constantly mumbling to himself and to his sheep. At 70, he is the oldest man living in at-Tuwani. Within his life time, he has seen the end the British mandate over Palestine, the beginnings of Jewish immigration to his homeland, the 1964 Israeli occupation of the West Bank, and the arrival Israeli settlers in the South Hebron Hills. Throughout all of these changes, the rhythms of Abu Basil's life have remained steady. This morning I found him grazing his sheep in a valley near the Ma'on settlement. Like every morning when I accompany him in his fields, Abu Basil shook my hand and then motioned for me to sit down on a rock. For a while we talked - not much since Abu Basil's Arabic is nearly incomprehensible to the best Arabic speakers on our team - about Ramadan and his baby goats. While we spoke, his month-old kids baaed and trotted over towards greener thistles on the opposite hillside. Abu Basil arose from his rock and walked over to them, shouting, waving his arms, and tossing rocks in their path. Eventually the goats followed his commands and left the ungrazed hillside for the all but barren valley. Abu Basil sat in silence while he waited for his herd to finish. Then, abruptly as always, Abu Basil dismissed me with a nod, indicating that he was heading home. I stood up and gathered my bag and camera, but then Abu Basil took my hand. "I can't go to the hill," he told me, "because of the Israelis."

*You are true to your name
And you lead me along the right paths.
I may walk through valleys as dark as death,
But I won't be afraid.
You are with me,
And your shepherd's rod
Makes me feel safe*

The people of at-Tuwani village have been shepherds for generations. Raising sheep and goats provides meat for the family and wool and dairy products for sale in the nearby city of Yatta. But in the 1980s, extremist Israeli settlers moved onto land belonging residents of At-Tuwani and other neighboring Palestinian communities. Now shepherding is a tricky business. Because of settlement expansion and Israeli army restrictions, shepherds like Abu Basil cannot access enough land to graze their flocks. Settlers attack Palestinian shepherds in their fields. CPTers now accompany shepherds in these dangerous areas. Most mornings I pack up my video camera and cell phone and walk out to Khourba hill. I pick a comfortable rock to sit on and chat with shepherds, as old as 70 and as young as 14, who quietly herd their flocks, occasionally looking over their shoulders at Havot Ma'on settlement. Knowing full well the dangers they face, these farmers calmly call to their sheep and goats and stand their ground.

*You treat me to a feast,
While my enemies watch.
You honor me as your guest,
And you fill my cup
Until it overflows*



In the face of violence and injustice, the shepherds of at-Tuwani still find land sufficient for their flocks. The settlements may have electricity 24 hours day and water to spare, but at-Tuwani is rooted firmly to the land it has always known. As the villages of the South Hebron Hills organize themselves to nonviolently resist the expansion of Israeli settlements, slowly they are reclaiming more and more of their land. In 2004, when Christian Peacemaker Teams was invited to accompany shepherds in at-Tuwani, the valleys and hills to the south of Havot Ma'on settlement were inaccessible. Now, thanks to their courage and determination, shepherds are able to graze in more of their land than at any time since the arrival of Israeli settlers. The quiet persistence of these shepherds gives me the faith I need to continue working here in the South Hebron Hills. Come what may, I believe the people of at-Tuwani will still be here.

*Your kindness and love
Will always be with me
Each day of my life,
And I will live forever
In your house, God. @*



Inside Insite;

By Tavis W. Dodds

The Author Pays a Visit to Vancouver's Supervised Safe Injection Site In Search of a Fresh Perception of this Misunderstood Issue.

There are some strong opinions out there about Insite, Canada's only supervised site for substance abuse victims to inject themselves with illegal narcotics. On the previous weekend, I'd attended a huge block party rally for Insite on Carrall Street that shut down traffic for hours with live bands, stilt walkers and free BBQ. The enforcement pillar of the drug industry, the police departments, lobbied the government to shut down the facility. The whole project has survived on six-month exemptions to Canada's drug laws, leaving staff and clients not knowing how long the site will last. Vancouver's Mayor Sam Sullivan makes statements on both sides of this fence and has stated that Insite might make the transition to distributing legal drugs. I decided to see for myself what the center is like from the clients' view, so on a rainy Tuesday afternoon, I headed down Hastings Street from Main and entered Insite's frosted door bedecked with stylized needle logo and window, all with dark green trim.

Sickened people sway back and forth, leaning on shopping carts. It smells like industrial cleaner. The room inside the door is like a coat-check room for shopping carts—all the worldly possessions of perhaps a dozen people. A man at a desk asks my name. "Ever been here before?" "No."

A lady with a clipboard is assigned to give me an orientation. She makes it very clear that nothing must exchange hands in the building. Also, no one can help me inject drugs into myself. They give me a syringe, alcohol swabs, a little metal bowl, and water in tiny blue plastic containers.

The next room is like collaboration between William S. Burroughs and H. R. Geiger. Seats face into stainless steel cubicles built out of the mirrored wall. It's very bright. A lady at the end spurts blood out of her arm all over her cubicle. There is a big man there whose job it is to watch the injection room, and he wipes up the blood and gives the lady a band-aid.

The glare is so strong it makes you blink at your reflection, which distorts as the drugs take effect or wear off or not work. Research on the cocaine in the DTES shows the drugs to be as low as 10% cocaine and the rest amphetamine or other chemicals that produce a rush similar to inhalants. The people doing this sort of drug twitch and fiddle with their needles. They are in agony. Once one has been trapped into slavery to this drug there is often nothing left but an all consuming need for more. These addicts clearly hate the substances they crave. The spastic fidgeting is like poisoned bugs.

Two chairs over from me is an old man, presentably dressed. He's on heroin, the other drug. He nods slowly, slouching down in the relief of fixing. Heroin hurts when you don't have it, but now that the old man has had it he seems almost okay. His eyes roll up slightly and says something about not being allowed to shake hands.

We are ushered out into the next room, a "chill out room." A man behind a counter hands out Styrofoam cups of what looks like soup. On the street outside the green door a police car pulls up next to a cluster of people sheltering from the rain. The police squawk their siren and the crowd quickly disperses. Around the corner, in Blood Alley, people sprawl out in the muck. A woman fills her syringe from a puddle. Others sift through the sludgy buildup everywhere in hopes of finding lost drugs. One woman is particularly spastic, and a tall Jamaican man walking past says to her "You have to slow down! You're going to kill yourself if you don't slow down. Or go to Insite!" "Go to Insite!" echoes someone else. It's impossible to tell if the woman hears them.

In the National Post story "Four Blocks of Hell", and in nearly all the coverage of DTES drug epidemics, the dealers are mentioned to be plying their wares in plain sight, but this is not the reality. It is true that you can see drugs being sold, but this is an industry where the retail level customers serve themselves and the real dealers drive Mercedes. The drug industries, both the illicit one and "Big Pharma", are trillion dollar industries. Are we meant to believe that an industry this size can be conducted by bike gangs and a few dirty businessmen? This is macroeconomics and at this level all industries are inextricably linked, from tourism to energy to security. How many degrees away are the real dealers from our elected officials; both Vancouver and BC have been purchasing rooming houses at way over the assessed value, contributing to real estate hysteria, and

giving millions of tax dollars to several companies known to be associated with narcotics distribution. Crystal Meth labs are found in \$10million homes in Jericho Beach. Look to the Four Seasons Hotel for the real dealers, listening to MLA Lorne Mayencourt presenting his plan to build forced labour camps for substance abuse victims to detox in rural environments. The higher we go the closer to reality we seem to get, until it starts making more sense to believe what the police originally said when they raided the BC Legislature Building, that they were investigating a drug trafficking ring. Police later said that they covered up information because it “made the government look bad.” We’d be better to look for truth not in the Basi-Virk trial, but perhaps in the NFB film Citizen Sam, in which Sullivan defends his having bought crack for a kid to smoke in Sullivan’s van so the concerned leader could watch the effects. “Give out free drugs,” Sam jokes in the film, “that’s how to get the homeless vote.” Is this reality—state and capital conspiring to suck profits out of a plague whose victims litter the streets? If this is the case, then what can anyone do beyond damage control, or harm reduction? God-damn the pusher man. @



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Thanks for reading and thanks for all of your continued support.

Chris Rooney
Karl Germyn
Editors, *The Christian Radical*.

'Guilty!' — Of Trying to See Our Senator

By Rev. John Dear

On Thursday, September 6th, 2007, six of us were found guilty in Federal court in Albuquerque, NM by a Federal judge for trying to visit the office of our senator. We will be sentenced in a few weeks. The message? It is a Federal crime to attempt to speak to an elected Republican about the U.S. war on Iraq. Don't visit your senator. Don't get involved. Don't speak out. Don't take a stand for peace—or you too may end up in jail.

It all started one year ago, on September 26, 2006, when nine of us entered the Federal Building in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and tried to take the elevator to the third floor to the office of Senator Pete Domenici to present him with a copy of the "Declaration of Peace," a national petition campaign aimed at stopping the U.S. war on Iraq, bringing our troops home, and pursuing nonviolent alternatives and reparations. Over three hundred seventy five similar actions took place across the nation that week.



The Senator's office manager came downstairs, said she would only allow three of us upstairs, and after forty five minutes of waiting and negotiations, we nine just decided to go upstairs, figuring we had a right as a group of constituents to deliver our petition to the Senator's office.

As we stepped onto the elevator, a policeman put his foot in the door, and the next thing we knew, the power was turned off. So there we stayed—for some six hours. At one point, a police officer brought over a chair for one elderly member of our group who uses metal crutches. It seemed the officer was inviting us to make ourselves at home. He even said he supported our anti-war stand.

By the end of that memorable day, with over twenty police officers, SWAT teams, and FBI officials standing in the lobby, the Homeland Security director told us we had the choice to be arrested, jailed and tried, or cited and tried. He never gave us a warning, never told us to leave, never read us our rights. We

took the citations, and for the past year, have been in and out of court, waiting to testify about our attempt to visit the Senator's office.



The prosecution would hear none of it. As far as the prosecutor was concerned, we went there to disrupt the Federal Building and shut down the elevator. He seemed to think we liked being in an elevator. He, of course, had been a marine for decades, and now commands a national guard unit, and was just back two days before the trial from directing military operations in Colorado Springs. He called the police and the senator's assistant to testify against us. They said we had plenty of warning, said we threatened to do a sit in, and said we disrupted the government's office work.

Then it was our turn. One by one we took the stand—Philip, Michella, Sansi, Ellie, Bud and me. Our excellent pro bono lawyers, Todd Hotchkiss and Penni Adrian, asked us why we went to the Federal Building and what happened. We each testified that we intended to bring a copy of the "Declaration of Peace" statement to the senator's office, in the hope that it could be faxed to him, that he would sign it, and that he would work to stop this evil war.

During my testimony, I was asked about the lists of names I brought with me that day. I had printed out the name of every U.S. soldier killed in Iraq, and some ten thousand Iraqi civilians killed, and said I thought they would help remind us why we were there, that perhaps we might leave them with the Senator's staff. The judge interrupted me and asked if I carried those names around with me all the time. While unfortunately it's now all too common for many of us to spend our time at demonstrations reading the names of the dead, I held back from saying, "Yes, don't you? Don't you care about the U.S. soldiers who've been killed, and the countless, innocent Iraqi civilians killed?" Instead, I said I always carried with me information about the war and how to stop it.

It was a grueling, exhausting eight-hour day. At the end, the judge returned with

his verdict but then launched into a speech explaining why he believed the police and the senator's staff person, and not us, particularly, not me. He said the fact that I carried with me the names of every U.S. soldier killed and some ten thousand Iraqi civilians killed proved I intended to be there a long time, and shut down business in the Federal Building. He basically called us all liars, and defended the government's evil war.

I'm not so sure that on the day one year ago I did intend to shut the Federal Building down, as noble a nonviolent act that might be in such times. Only a few months before, I brought a group to meet with Governor Bill Richardson, and he received us warmly, and let me speak for twenty minutes about why he should work to end the war on Iraq, disarm Los Alamos and abolish our nuclear weapons, and end the death penalty in New Mexico. I didn't rule out the possibility that in fact Domenici's staff might be willing to hear us. In the end, however, the police themselves disrupted business as usual. They turned off the elevator. They shut down the Federal Building. They prevented us from visiting our elected representative's office.

So what do we learn from this experience? What is the message from Federal Court in New Mexico? I suppose it's this: Anyone who dares visit their Republican senator to speak against this evil war is liable of a Federal crime. Don't presume you have any rights in this so-called democracy. Those days are over.

The judge said he would sentence us within thirty days, so there's more to come. He asked each of us to submit a statement to him. We face 30 days in jail and a \$5000 fine, which I certainly won't pay.

Meanwhile, the real crime continues, and the real criminals get away with mass murder, with the crucial, full backing of our courts. The war goes on, the killings go on, and the lives of our sisters and brothers in Iraq, Afghanistan, Palestine and elsewhere are shattered. Our government, in its race to become a global empire, has sunk to all new levels of corruption, lying, repression, and old fashioned hubris. Our task is permanent nonviolent resistance against the culture of war, nonviolence as a way of life, full-time non-cooperation with violence, war, and empire.

All things considered, then, it's a great blessing to be found guilty of speaking

out against this evil war. I hope more and more people will write their senators and congress people, especially Sen. Pete Domenici of New Mexico, and demand that they end this war; that more and more people will sign up at www.declarationofpeace.org and keep building the movement against this war; that more and more people will march for peace, vigil for peace, organize for peace, agitate for peace, speak out for peace, fast for peace, cross the line for peace, pray for peace, and find themselves guilty of pursuing a new world without war.

In such times as these, there may be no greater blessing. @



The Gift Economy

By Gifford Pinchot



Part of the pathway to a sustainable society comes from government actions such as regulations, taxes, subsidies, and partnerships that bias the market towards serving the common good. Part of the pathway to sustainability comes from building organizations with the capacity to support employees, to serve customers and stockholders, and to deliver ecological benefits - all at the same time. But neither government regulations and incentives, nor breakthroughs in corporate ability to address multiple bottom lines can ever be enough

unless the people in the system care about more than a selfish vision of success.

According to philosopher Lewis Mumford, fundamental change in civilizations comes when the culture changes its vision of what it is to be a human being. After a long period of seeing ourselves as conquerors of nature, we are due for such a change. We will begin facing the challenges caused by expanding technological power and growing population when we change what we are striving for. We need a new definition of success.

Systems thinker and psychologist Gregory Bateson calls our view of ourselves as isolated individuals, "the epistemological error of Occidental civilization." Arne Naess, the Norwegian philosopher of deep ecology, suggests that we are at last moving beyond this error to a larger sense of self, a self which includes the planet. As Joanna Macy, another deep ecologist, puts it:

"The obvious choice is to extend our notions of self interest. For example it would not occur to me to plead with you, 'Oh, don't saw off your leg. That

would be an act of violence.' It wouldn't occur to me because your leg is part of your body. Well so are the trees in the Amazon rain basin. They are our external lungs. And we are beginning to realize that the world is our body."

If Joanna Macy and Arne Naess are right that a larger sense of self is spreading rapidly, then the growing health of our larger self will constitute a success more important than the triumph of our little self over our neighbors.

Taking Pride in Contribution

The first step toward a sustainable sense of success is taking pride in the value of our contributions to others rather than taking pride in the value of our possessions. By extension this means striving for quality in the use of whatever power we have rather than working to get more power over others as an end in itself. In this view, profit and wealth may help us to contribute, but they do not themselves constitute business success.

If we went to the grave with riches gained by gutting the pension fund, or selling pesticides we know cause more harm than the insects they control, would we count our business lives successful? On the other hand, what if we stewarded a small company that repeatedly introduced more ecological ways of doing things? Maybe other larger players who quickly copied the ecological innovations gained much of the material reward. If we barely made ends meet, but clearly made the world a better place, is that a success?

Defining success by what one gives rather than what one has is neither a new practice nor an overly idealistic view. It is rooted deep in history and human nature, and is more basic than wealth or money.

The Gift Economy

In the potlatches of the Chinook, Nootka, and other Pacific Northwest peoples, chiefs vied to give the most blankets and other valuables. More generally, in hunter-gatherer societies the hunter's status was not determined by how much of the kill he ate, but rather by what he brought back for others.

In his brilliant book *The Gift: The Erotic Life of Property*, Lewis Hyde points to two types of economies. In a commodity (or exchange) economy, status is accorded to those who have the most. In a gift economy, status is accorded to those who give the most to others.

Lest we think that the principles of a gift economy will only work for simple, primitive or small enterprises, Hyde points out that the community of scientists follows the rules of a gift economy. The scientists with highest status are not those who possess the most knowledge; they are the ones who have contributed the most to their fields. A scientist of great knowledge, but only minor contributions is almost pitied - his or her career is seen as a waste of talent.

At a symposium a scientist gives a paper. Selfish scientists do not hope others give better papers so they can come away with more knowledge than they had to offer in exchange. Quite the reverse. Each scientist hopes his or her paper will provide a large and lasting value. By the rules of an exchange economy, the scientist hopes to come away a "loser," because that is precisely how one wins in science.

Antelope meat called for a gift economy because it was perishable and there was too much for any one person to eat. Information also loses value over time and has the capacity to satisfy more than one. In many cases information gains rather than loses value through sharing. While the exchange economy may have been appropriate for the industrial age, the gift economy is coming back as we enter the information age.

Doing Business as a Gift to Society

The next step in the move toward sustainable business is to make the business itself a gift to society.

Companies that use sulfuric acid end up with a hazardous waste. DuPont, instead of distancing itself from the hazardous waste generated by its customers, saw this problem as an opportunity to differentiate its offering in one of the most basic of commodities. The company took back the spent sulfuric acid, purified it, and resold it. This was good business because once DuPont got good at it, recycling turned out to be cheaper than creating from scratch. It also gained the company market share and margins in what had become to others a low-profit,

uninteresting commodity. In this case, DuPont does well by doing good, thus winning both the exchange and gift paradigms.

The sign of excellence in a new world of the larger self is not vast profit or possessions, but sufficient material success to allow large and thoughtful contributions to society. For some strategies of societal service, huge profits may be needed, for example to build up the capital to purchase forestry land and convert it to sustainable forestry, or to extend a chain of tutoring schools that serve those who otherwise might not read, including the poor. Other strategies for making a contribution might require only a modest income that could be used for marshalling forces for change by example or through volunteers. In a world dominated by a larger sense of self these two strategies could do equal good and would be considered equally successful.

One feature of our society works directly against implementing a larger vision of success: institutional ownership of companies. In an earlier era of owner-operated businesses, an owner who thought solely of profit without regard for the effect of decisions on employees or the welfare of the community was thought to be a monster, and rightly so.

In contrast, the law today forbids pension fund managers from full humanity; they are precluded by law from allowing concerns for the environment or the good of employees to interfere with maximizing return. Institutional investment laws need to be changed.

A Shift from Capital to Talent

The critical factor controlling success in business is shifting from capital to talent. Employees are no longer interchangeable parts. This is not good for everyone, the undereducated and those whose talents are not now in demand are losing ground. But there is a bright side. Employers must curry the favor of their talented employees who increasingly have an ethical agenda. Employees who can easily find work elsewhere are refusing to work on projects or for companies that offend their values, even if they would be well paid to do so. As this trend increases, as people take a stand for sustainability in choosing their work, even public corporations seeking the favor of bloodless institutional investors will find that sustainable companies have the best future because they

have the best talent. In fields where creativity counts, sustainability is a competitive weapon.

This strategy will not work if we are so pure that no realistic level of improvement would meet our standards. It will not work if we sell out for greenwashing instead of instituting real environmentally conscious practices. Biasing the system for sustainability requires some of us to be in the game demanding change.

Frugality and Choice

Our ability to make our talent count for change will often require us to take less for our services than if we were selling to the highest bidder.

One consulting firm I know virtually requires new consultants to use their fine salaries to buy expensive cars and houses. They want them up to their eyeballs in debt so the company can have complete control over them. They want their consultants living in fear of losing their jobs so they don't ever put ethics ahead of their sales and profits.

Voluntary simplicity is not just polluting less, it is having more to "spend" on integrity at work. If we can live on less, we can turn down unsustainable projects at work just as we do in our choices at home.

Talented people have been making sustainable career choices in increasing numbers. This gives businesses that can provide good work towards good ends a great advantage, and this advantage will grow as the highly environmentally and socially conscious generation in school now becomes important talent to business.

The real game in the business world of the ecological age is running a business or a career so as to make a contribution to the community, the nation, and even to the planet as a whole. True business competence in the ecological age is demonstrated by producing a better product or service for customers and at the same time setting new standards for reducing pollution, for creating habitat, for helping the less fortunate. We cannot play this new game until we move beyond the fear of insolvency and learn to live frugally regardless of financial success.

The old status system is hard on the heart. Living for the larger self through a strategy of frugality and service opens up the heart to the glory of creation all around us. The gift is repaid many-fold. @

We need your help.

By Steven Woods

October 2007

I was talking to a friend down the run (you know, just a few cells down from me)... I asked him "Hey, what to you think someone who believes the death penalty is wrong, for one reason or another, should do about it?" I've been sitting around here, doing a lot of thinking lately. More than I usually do anyways, and his opinion is like gold to me. He told me he didn't know. He thought about it for a second and then voiced something that has been in my mind a lot lately. He said, "If I was out there in the world, doing my thing, I don't think I would care. I mean, yeah, so what if I'm against the death penalty... Why should I do anything about it? How does it affect my life?"

How would it affect his life? How does it affect yours? It really doesn't... A person can go about their life, their entire life, and not think about the death penalty even ONCE! I mean, only three major newspapers in the entire nation even mention it in any kind of depth (Dallas Morning News, Chicago Tribune and the Seattle Post) at all. A person, as my friend has said, could go to work, hang out at the club or bar, or spend time with their kids; and the thought of us here on the row would never cross their minds. How, then, is a person supposed to care?

The question I want to ask you is, How? How do we get people to care? Because we have to, if we have any hope of abolishing the death penalty. There has to be something out there in the world that has to make a person ask questions. To get them to even think about what's happening. I know, there is a lot being done out there... the JOURNEY OF HOPE, for instance. (www.journeyofhope.org) But we need to be doing more to make the death penalty an issue. It needs to be made an everyday part of society's life. Look at the Anti-War movement. Look what they've accomplished! They changed an entire political power structure! Sure, we're still in Iraq but look what happened:

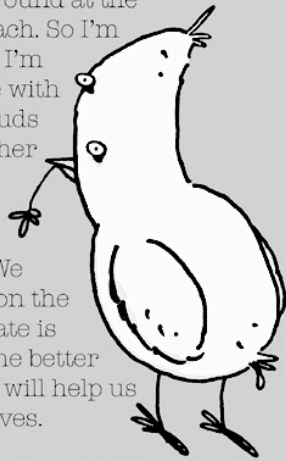
The masses stood up and voiced their opinion, and it was heard. This didn't just come about through one or two isolated incidents. Constant pressure was brought by thousands of like minded people, the issue was presented to the public in an unceasing campaign, and their voices were effective! We need to take a lesson from this. We need to get loud. We need to present the issue through any forum that is available to us, and in today's information age, there's several avenues we can access. If you're reading this then you're most likely part of the anti-death community. Spread you views and not just to people in our community. Reach out across the web, and try to touch the lives of people out there. Write letters to our elected officials and to the media, and present the issue intelligently. We have the numbers to make a movement work, we just have to do the work. Lives are being destroyed, and not just the condemned's.

Well, I'm going to close this. Your ideas and advice is invaluable to us. So please give us your feedback.

Live Free,
Steve Woods, La Cadena @

YET ANOTHER PRAYER FOR PEACE

Dear God,
There seems to be a lot of hate going around at the moment and it sickens me to my stomach. So I'm making (yet another) prayer for peace. I'm not praying for that wishy washy peace with doves and rainbows and fluffy pink clouds (though I don't mind those things), rather a 'sleeves rolled-up and feet in the dirt' kind of peace. A peace that will live deep inside our bellies, that we're able to cling to when the going gets tough. We need a peace that isn't afraid to tap us on the shoulder and remind us that though hate is easy and love is hard, love is ALWAYS the better option. I pray for the kind of peace that will help us to love our neighbour as we love ourselves. Amen.



A Radical Change

By Peter Maurin

1. The order of the day
is to talk about the social order.
2. Conservatives would like
to keep it from changing
but they don't know how.
3. Liberals try to patch it
and call it a New Deal.
4. Socialists want a change,
but a gradual change.
5. Communists want a change,
an immediate change,
but a Socialist change.
6. Communists in Russia
do not build Communism,
they build Socialism.
7. Communists want to pass
from capitalism to Socialism
and from Socialism to Communism.
8. I want a change,
and a radical change.
9. I want a change
from an acquisitive society
to a functional society,
from a society of go-getters
to a society of go-givers.



First Report from Bridewell

By Frank Cordaro

October 14, 2007



On October 5, 2007, peacemaker Frank Cordaro was sentenced to 30 days in jail for the criminal trespass charge that came from his participation in an occupation of Senator Charles Grassley's office on September 21. He joined an effort led by Iowa high school students who are members of the group, Students beyond War. After being taken into custody, Cordaro was transferred to the Bridewell Detention Center in Bethany, Missouri, where he is serving his sentence. This is his first report from there:

It's All About the \$.

"I want you to know it was a great privilege to act with those young people stand against the unjust, immoral, and illegal war. Any time I serve in jail will only add to that honor and privilege."

I addressed Judge Moisan with these words just before she sentenced me to thirty days in jail for my criminal trespass charge from the September 21 high school occupation of Senator Grassley's Des Moines offices.

Though they are noble words, and I stand by them and the truth they state about the U.S. war in Iraq and the courage of the young people with whom I was arrested. These young people had nothing to do with the severity of the sentence I was given. Sending me to jail was all about the money I owe Polk County.

Since the year 2000, when I was protesting the Iowa National Guard's and the F-16's participation in the U.S.-enforced "No-Fly Zones" over Iraq, to the beginning of the Iraq invasion in March of 2003, to today; I've been convicted

eight times for criminal trespass in Polk County. For most of these convictions, I have refused to pay any of the fines and court costs that resulted from these convictions. Added to these fees are additional fees assessed for time spend in jail at the rate of \$48/day for an incarceration in December, 2004. If I add to these my per diem fees for my current incarceration, I estimate that I will owe Polk County between \$4,000 to \$5,000 by the time I am released on November 3rd.

It used to be—when I first began getting arrested—that we could tell the judge up-front that we refused to pay any fines, and the judge would send us to jail in lieu of the fines and court costs. You did your time, and that was the end of it.



Today, if you are found guilty, the judge must assess a mandatory minimum fine, court costs, arrest fees and/or any number of potential surcharges in addition to imposing incarceration time. Now however, a criminal trespass conviction carries a minimum \$65 fine, court costs, arrest fees, and surcharges that bring the total minimum bill for the crime to \$300. There are fees for every institutional contact in the process, even including fees for time spent in community service.

Obviously these "pay as you go" policies are an egregiously unfair burden on the poor. Nowhere is this unjust tax more clearly demonstrated than the \$48-a-day fee for being an inmate in the Polk County Jail system. The outrageously potential outcome is that a poor person could be held in jail indefinitely from the inability to pay these accumulating costs.

My biggest concern is that my sentence will serve as a deterrent to others considering joining us in the Iowa Occupation Project. So far those arrested in IOP actions have only received fines and the added charges for their convictions. Whether or not, some judges will begin to impose jail time is unlikely.

However, the impact of good citizens putting their personal liberty on the line has clearly swayed public opinion toward a desire to end the war, and we know

that these efforts, as expensive as they may become, are ultimately saving lives. How much is a human life worth?

Since the financial liability is not affordable for many of those willing to risk arrest, saving those lives requires more help from those with the resources to do so. Now, more than ever, the larger peace community needs to step up and support those willing and able to take this risk.

I don't know what I am going to do about my own growing debt. I plan to continue refusing to pay it as a principled position of solidarity with the poor who are disproportionately burdened with these unfair and unjust taxes of the criminal system and by the war itself. Should the day come that paying the debt becomes more prudent than not paying it, I trust that God's providence will supply me with what I need.

This I know. What I lack in money is more than compensated in my richness in friends and family. My most valued asset is my membership in the Des Moines Catholic Worker community. I am abundantly blessed to part of a community of people committed to lives of material poverty and dedicated to their service to the poor. It is a community that values the peace-making and affords me the luxury of being in jail while they continue our work of hospitality and the other works of mercy for which Catholic Workers are so widely known.

I am reminded of something M. Gandhi once said, "It takes a lot of rich people to keep me in poverty."

This is certainly true for those of us who live and work in the Des Moines Catholic Worker community, and for this we remain constantly grateful.

In my next reflection, I intend to share more about life here in the Bridewell Detention Facility in Bethany, Missouri. Please know that I am doing well and stay busy with the challenges placed before me each day in this confined space.

The rest of Frank's reports can be read online as they become available at www.thechristianradical.blogspot.com and at the website of the Des Moines Catholic Worker www.desmoinescatholicworker.org @


In Poppy Fields

By Chris Rooney

A re-writing of the poem "In Flanders Fields"

By: Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae MD (1872-1918)

Canadian Army



Near Kandahar the poppies blow
And daily, death tolls grow and grow,
Where peace is dead; and in the sky
The jet planes, deafly roaring, fly
Drop bombs amid the guns below.

We are your Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt fear, saw phosphorous glow,
Remembered love, but now we've died
In poppy fields.

Put down these quarrels with your foes:
To you from rotting hands we throw
This hell: it's yours, you can't deny
You've broken faith with us, who've died,
And still don't weep, though poppies grow
Near Kandahar.

Corrections:

Vol. 2 #11

The Zin graphic from the back cover of Volume 2 #11 was passed on to me through the National Catholic Worker e-mail list and also recently appeared on the cover of Via Pacis, the paper of the Des Moines Catholic Worker, Frank Cordero from the DMCW spent a long time tracking down information about the artist, the following is from their editors note in that issue if V.P.: *The artist's name is Amanda Moeckel. Amada lives in San Francisco, and her web page is myanimalart.com. She drew the illustration in 1989 while working for the National Conference on Civil Disobedience. [organizedresistance.org/2000]* The Christian Radical would like to thank Amanda for the drawing and thanks also to Frank for finding out all about it.

Vol. 2 #12

In Tavis Dodds' article titled Tre Arrow vs. The Green Scare it turns out that Corrections Canada is not really the organization he meant to name, apparently. The facility Tre's in is provincial, not federal.

-The Editors



We Believe So We Speak

2nd Corinthians 4:13

This interview, by Jeff Dietrich and Susan Pollack, was originally published in the December 1971 Catholic Agitator, the paper of the LA Catholic Worker community. And is re-printed from the website www.PieAndCoffee.org

Joy Ellison is a Catholic Worker and nonviolence trainer from Portland, Oregon. She is a full time CPT delegate in the West Bank where she presently lives and works. She can be contacted at her blog <http://inpalestine.blogspot.com>

Tavis Dodds is a roving activist, philosopher and contributor to *The Christian Radical* and *The Republic of East Vancouver*. He currently lives on the Sunshine Coast in BC with his wife Liz and their children. His article is reprinted from *The Republic of East Vancouver*.

Rev. John Dear is a Jesuit priest, pastor, retreat leader, and author of twenty five books on peace and nonviolence, he is featured in a new DVD film, "The Narrow Path," and writes a weekly column for the National Catholic Reporter at www.ncrcafe.org He lives in northern New Mexico.

Gifford Pinchot and his wife Elizabeth are principals of Pinchot and Company, a consulting firm that helps large workplaces escape from bureaucracy and hierarchy to release the intelligence, creativity, and integrity of the members.

His article first appeared in *Business On A Small Planet*, Summer 1995.

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Steven Woods is currently serving a death sentence at a state prison in Texas. He is a member of the abolition group La Cadena and is working to end capital punishment from the inside. If you would like to write to Steven you can send mail to Steven Woods #999427 Polunsky Unit 3872 FM 350 S Livingston, TX 77351. You can also learn more about La Cadena by visiting www.myspace.com/lacadena2007

Peter Maurin b. May 9, 1877 d. 1949 was visionary and co-founder with Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker movement. He lived his whole life in holy poverty and though he never wrote a book his "Easy Essays" form a cornerstone of the movement's philosophy.

Frank Cordaro lives in the Des Moines Catholic Worker as a member and founder. He has served over 4 1/2 years of jail and prison time for his acts of civil disobedience including a Plowshares action in May of 1998. Frank works full time for peace and justice. You can read his writings at www.desmoinescatholicworker.org



Image Credits are hard to give out this month. Most of the pictures in this issue were taken from google image searches and we hope that their use in this free, Christian publication might constitute fair use. Of the pictures we can credit: Catholic Worker artist and Iconographer Ade Bethune originally made those on pages 6, 7, 17, and 18. The drawing on the table of contents is by Kevin Larmee. The picture on page 8 was taken by Joy Ellison and also appears on her blog. Dean Rankine did "Yet Another Prayer for Peace". Chris Rooney took the photo for "In Poppy Fields". Josina DeBree took the Useful Links picture, and the Catholic Worker artist Fritz Eichenberg did the above image. Thanks to all.

--The Christian Radical is a project of the Van CW--